GHOSTBUSTERS™
VOLUME 7
30TH
ANNIVERSARY

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HAPPY HORROR DAYS!

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VOLUME 7

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KEEPING THE SPIRIT ALIVE

Who would have thought in 1984 that *Ghostbusters* would still burn bright in the hearts and minds of society 30 years later? That fathers and mothers would pass the joy of their first GB experience to their sons and daughters? From Birmingham to Belgium? From Australia to Austin? From generation to generation?

It's amazing how the plethora of fans keeps growing larger each and every year. That speaks volumes about both *Ghostbusters* and *Ghostbusters 2* and how they are still as funny, entertaining, and amazing to watch today.

When I was lucky enough to portray the iconic Slimer in *Ghostbusters 2*, I knew how important it was—not only to myself, but to those fans as well. Trust me, the last thing you want is to be looking over your shoulder for anyone with a proton pack who isn't afraid to use it. It took a team of amazing people to bring Slimer to life, and I was only one element of it. Working with the talented artists at Industrial Light & Magic, I will forever be grateful for the experience.

And now, 25 years after I stepped off the ILM stage in Marin County, the *Ghostbusters* comic book series from IDW publishing keeps the fan-base happy and thriving, and is a true delight to the readers that follow it. The series is so well written and drawn, and allows fans to continue to have adventures with these characters that are so loved. I am personally impressed with the clever and ingenious "Easter eggs" that seem to find their way into each and every issue. Some of the "Easter eggs" are items put in that only hardcore fans would pick up on… and they **always** do. I was floored and honored to have been one of those cameo appearances, and I'm so thankful the team at IDW thought of me! (And the fact that fans knew it was me…yup, hardcore fans, indeed!)

To the readers and fans, thank you for all you do in keeping the spirit of the franchise alive.

…did I say spirit?

Hugs!

Robin Shelby
February 2014
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HAPPY HORROR DAYS!
PART 1: DEVIL'S NIGHT
ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

ONCE UPON A TIME, AS FAR AS IT GOES, I WAS A BIT OF A SCOUNDREL. EVENTUALLY, THE DEVIL HIMSELF CAME TO CLAIM ME.

I WASN'T PARTICULARLY KEEN ON THAT, YOU UNDERSTAND...

...SO I FOUND A WAY OUT OF IT, AND TRICKED OLD SCRATCH INTO AGREEING THAT HE HIMSELF WOULD NEVER CLAIM ME.

AND THIS WORKED OUT QUITE WELL FOR A WHILE. BUT EVENTUALLY, AS WE ALL MUST, I GREW WEARY AND SHUFFLED FROM THIS MORTAL COIL.

BUT HEAVEN WOULDN'T HAVE ME. NOT FEARING DAMNATION, I'D NEVER MENDED MY WAYS...

...AND SO THERE WAS NO PLACE IN PARADISE FOR ME.

BUT NEITHER WAS I ALLOWED PASSAGE TO HELL. THE DEVIL GLEEFULLY INFORMED ME THAT HE WOULD FOREVER KEEP HIS WORD.

ESPECIALLY IF IT MEANT I WOULD BE DENIED REST FOR ALL ETERNITY.

TO TWIST THE KNIFE, THE DEVIL GAVE ME AN EMBER FROM THE PIT TO LIGHT MY WAY AS I WANDERED THE WORLD, FOREVER, SEEKING A REST I WOULD NEVER FIND.

OR SO I BELIEVED...

OCTOBER 29.
HROOOOOONK!
YUCK.
I HATE HORSES. SO MUCH.
DIDN'T GET A PONY WHEN YOU WERE TWELVE, HUH?
SHUT UP.
YEAH, THAT'S ROUGH. MAYBE YOU SHOULD—
HUURRRGHHHHH!
LOOK OUT!!
UFF!
Vanderbilt Ave
DID—DID THAT THING JUST PUKE AT US?
YEAH, THEY DO THAT... BUT IT'S NOT PUKE. NO STOMACH.
SO?
SO IT'S AN ORAL EJECTION. TRUST ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO GET EGON STARTED ON THAT, SO JUST GET IN THE HABIT OF USING THE TERM NOW AND YOU'LL SAVE YOURSELF A COUPLE OF HOURS.

NOW, LET'S FORGET TERMINOLOGY AND JUST TAKE CARE OF MR. DEAD HERE BEFORE HE—

HUURRGGGGHHH

—PUKES AGAIN.

SPLOCH

THE %$#@?!

I JUST HAD THIS *WASHED*, YOU %$#@! WHAT, YOU GUYS CAN'T TAKE CARE OF A FLYING HORSE?

SORRY, SIR!

AND I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WASN'T PUKE.

EH, EGON ALREADY KNOWS BETTER THAN TO LECTURE *ME*. BESIDES, DON'T BE SORRY.

JUST BE GLAD *HE* TOOK THE SLIME AND NOT—

SPLOOOOOOOORCH

NOT. A. WORD.

SNORT

60

60 EAST 42ND STRE

MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TESTED THE UNIVERSE LIKE THAT, BOSS.
ME AND THE-YUGH-THE UNIVERSE WILL BE HAVING WORDS LATER, KID.
BUT, FIRST...
HYAH!
WHINNEY-HE-HE-HEE-CHUFF
SHZZAKK
TAMP
WHOOOOOOOOOOP
WHINNEEEEEEAAAAARRRRRGGHHHH-
AND DONE. SUCK ON THAT, YOU—
DONE? WHADDAYOUMEAN DONE?!?
WHO THE HELL'S GONNA CLEAN UP MY CAB? I JUST HAD THIS THING DETAILED!

I HAVE MYSELF TO WORRY ABOUT RIGHT NOW, SIR, BUT A COUPLA LITTLE PINE TREES AND SOME ELBOW GREASE SHOULD TAKE CARE OF WHATEVER PROBLEMS YOU HAVE, I'M SURE.
YOU EXPECT ME TO CLEAN THIS?
ONLY IF YOU EXPECT ANY FARES, BUDDY.
I'VE BEEN WATCHING THESE TWO FOR HOURS.
GOD, YOU STINK. YOU'RE RIDING IN THE BACK.
FAT CHANCE, KID. I GOT THE KEYS.
HH.
Spooktacular DEALS!
JOHNNY Space COMMANDER MASK $6.95
MAINWAY COSTUMES & NOVELTIES
Invisible Pedestrian
DESPITE THEIR BICKERING, THEY HAVE CAPTURED SEVERAL OF THE RESTLESS TONIGHT.
AND THEY DID IT WITHOUT ANY RELIGIOUS RITES. WITHOUT BANISHMENT.
IT'S A BLOODY LOOPHOLE.

OCTOBER 30.
LAST NIGHT WAS *QUITE* PRODUCTIVE...
...ELEVEN GHOSTS CAPTURED AND CONTAINED. A NEW RECORD! AND SINCE RECORDS MAKE GOOD COPY, THE MAYOR WAS *QUITE* PLEASED.
WELL, GOOD—BECAUSE IT'S ONLY GOING TO GET BUSIER.
HMM?

THAT TIME OF YEAR, MAN. ALWAYS DOES. AND WORSE, TONIGHT'S DEVIL'S NI—
NOW, WINSTON.
I THOUGHT WE AGREED THAT THE WHOLE *DEVIL'S NIGHT* DEAL WAS STRICTLY A *DETROIT* THING.
SAYS *YOU*, MAN. HOW WAS THAT FOURTH SHOWER?
GREAT. I NO LONGER SMELL LIKE COLLEGE.
MR. VENKMAN. THANK YOU *SO MUCH* FOR TAKING TIME OUT OF YOUR BUSY SCHEDULE TO ATTEND THIS BRIEF.
WELL, LOOK AT THAT, WE *WERE* BUSY LAST NIGHT. SHAME WE CAN'T BRING IN A *FEW* TEMPS.
WELLL...

...WE COULD ALWAYS CALL JENNY. HER AND THE OTHERS COULD—
NO.
ABSOLUTELY NOT.
I'LL SEE TO ANY ASSISTANCE. IVE ALREADY MADE SOME CALLS.
WHY NOT? WE COULD USE THE HELP.
OH, YOU'VE MADE SOME CALLS. WATCH OUT, RAY. CALLS HAVE BEEN MADE.
EAST RIVER
NOW IS NOT THE TIME, MR. VENKMAN
OH, NO? WE'VE BEEN BREAKIN' OUR NECKS OUT THERE THE LAST COUPLA DAYS. WE CAN USE SOME HELP, EVEN IF IT'S THE—
AND I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT I AM SEEING TO THAT.
WELL, I THINK YOU'RE OVERSTEPPING YOUR ROLE IN THIS PRIVATE COMPANY.
A PRIVATE COMPANY THAT IS ACCOUNTABLE TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK, AND UNDER MY—
HOW LONG DO YOU FIGURE THEY'LL BE THIS TIME?
I SUSPECT ANOTHER FIFTEEN MIN—
CHOOOM

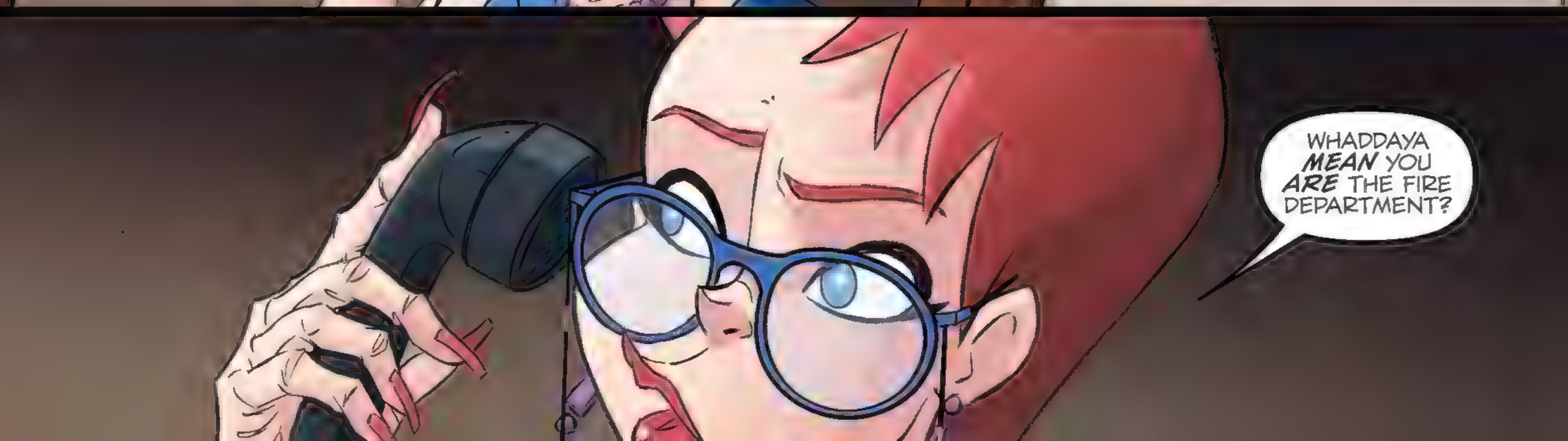
WHAT WAS THAT?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I JUST FELT A CHILL.
ME, TOO.
SPENGLER
ZEDDEMORE
STANTZ
I FEEL... I KINDA FEEL LIKE I WANT TO BREAK SOMETHING.
IS THAT SO?

WELL, I HOPE IT'S NOT THE LAW OR WE MIGHT HAVE A PROBLEM.
MEL?!
SPENGLER
C'MERE, YOU! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!
UM... OKAY, HUGGING...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS? SHE MUST BE THE HELP PECK WAS REFERRING TO.
YEAH, WE WORKED OUT A DEAL WITH THE FBI.
I'M ON LOAN IN EXCHANGE FOR KEEPING THE BUREAU REGULARLY BRIEFED ON SUPERNATURAL ACTIVITY.
SPEAKING OF WHICH... RED LIGHTNING BEFORE NOON?
A SHORT TIME LATER...
WELL, IT'S DEFINITELY NOT A NATURAL PHENOMENON.
YOU DON'T SAY.
@!#?@

BUT IN *THIS* CASE, ADDITIONAL READINGS FROM OUR ROOFTOP INSTRUMENTS DIDN'T MEASURE THE KIND OF PKE SPIKE I'D EXPECT TO SEE WITH AN IMMINENT EVENT.
I'D HYPOTHESIZE THIS WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A *HICCUP*.
A *HICCUP*, DR. SPENGLER? THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL A FLASH OF *RED LIGHTNING* IN A CLOUDLESS SKY?
I'M NOT SAYING THAT IT DOESN'T BEAR *NOTING*, BUT UNTIL IT'S MORE THAN AN ISOLATED EVENT, THERE'S NOT MUCH ELSE WE CAN DO WITH THE INFORMATION WE HAVE.

HOW CAN THEY NOT BE MORE EXCITED BY THIS?
PFFT. ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCE. BIG DEAL.
YOU SHOULDN'T BE THIS JADED ALREADY, YOU KNOW. YOU'RE LIKE, *TWELVE*.
BRRRINNNGGG

GHOSTBUSTERS.
WHAT? NO, WE DON'T DO THAT. CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.
15
DAYS WITHOUT A REPORTABLE ACCIDENT


WHADDAYA *MEAN* YOU *ARE* THE FIRE DEPARTMENT?

LATER...
"THE HECK TOOK YOU GUYS SO LONG?"
EH, WE GOT SIDETRACKED BY A THING IN HELL'S KITCHEN.
DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT?
WELL, IT WAS A REALLY BIG THING.
WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THE FIRE?
ACTUALLY...
...I DON'T THINK THIS IS A FIRE AT ALL.

THINK THAT MIGHT BE WHY IT'S NOT *SPREADING?*
THAT'S WHERE I'D PUT *MY* MONEY.
EVERYONE STAND BACK—AND SHIELD YOUR EYES! THIS COULD GET BRIGHT.
BUT... WE'VE ALREADY *TRIED* CHEMICAL SUPPRESSANTS!
OH, THERE'S *NOTHING CHEMICAL* ABOUT *THIS.*
HERE SHE GOES!
...
LOOK AT THAT! GOIN' THROUGH LIKE IT WAS MADE OF BUTTER!
WELL, I'M GLAD YOU THOUGHT TO BRING *THIS* ALONG, FOR ONCE.
AND I'M GLAD I BROUGHT THESE GOGGLES.
SHALL WE?

WAIT! DON'T YOU GUYS NEED SOME MORE PROTECTIVE GEAR?
I'M AFRAID IT WOULDN'T BE MUCH HELP.
BUT THANKS, ANYWAY! AND KEEP PEOPLE BACK!
F.D.N.Y.
LOOK AT THIS, IT'S LIKE SPRINGTIME. EVERYTHING'S GREEN. MEL WOULD LOVE THIS.
SHAME SHE GOT CAUGHT DOING A WAIST-HIGH STACK OF PAPERWOR—
WHAT'S THAT?
I SEE A GLOW!
SHRIIIKOW
AT LAST!

AT LAST I'LL—
FWOOSH
HHH?
YOU WILL NOT WIN AGAIN
HA HA HA HA HA
OKAY, CREEPY LAUGH. THAT'S TOP-FIVE THINGS I HATE ABOUT THIS GIG.
LOOK!
HSSSSS!

OKAY, I'M OVER THIS. LET THE GUY WITH THE PURSE HAVE IT.
AW, MAN—IT'S GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS.
WE GOTTA GET *CLOSER!*
I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING M'SELF...
AND WHAT'S THIS? THE FIRE DOESN'T LIKE THAT ONE?
HMM...

OKAY, GANG, TIME TO WIDEN THE NET. WHOEVER CATCHES THIS ONE GETS THE LOCATION OF EGON'S SNACK CAKE STASH.
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW ABOUT THAT.
I KNOW EVERYTHING, EGON. EVERYTHING.
LATER...
OKAY, KID. WHAT'RE YOUR THOUGHTS?
HE WAS HOLDING A TURNIP.
TURNIP, HUH? EGON? WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT TURNIPS?
CHK—WELL, THEY WERE GOOD ENOUGH FOR PLINY THE ELDER.
THEY WERE ALSO USED FOR LANTERNS IN CELEBRATION OF HALLOWEEN AND SAMHAIN IN...
...IN...
CHK—WHAT WAS THAT?
RAY, DO YOU REMEMBER THE LEGEND OF STINGY JACK?
OF COURSE! THE GUY WHO TRICKED THE DEVIL SO MANY TIMES HE WASN'T ALLOWED INTO HELL. HE... WAIT A MINUTE, HE CARRIED A TURNIP FOR A LANTERN!
TO LIGHT HIS WAY AS HE WANDERED THE WORLD, FOREVER.
NO HANDLE

SO, HE'S WANDERED INTO NEW YORK AND IS LIGHTING ALL THESE FIRES BECAUSE...

MAYBE SOMEBODY TOLD HIM ABOUT *DEVIL'S NIGHT.*

MAN, I AM *NOT* TAKING THIS FROM YOU—

HSSSS!

—WHAT?!

VENKMAN, WE NEED YOU BOTH HERE—*NOW!*

CHK—YEAH? AND WHERE'S *HERE* SUPPOSED TO BE?

JUST TURN AROUND AND RUN!

HANG ON, WINSTON! WE'LL GET IT OFF YA...

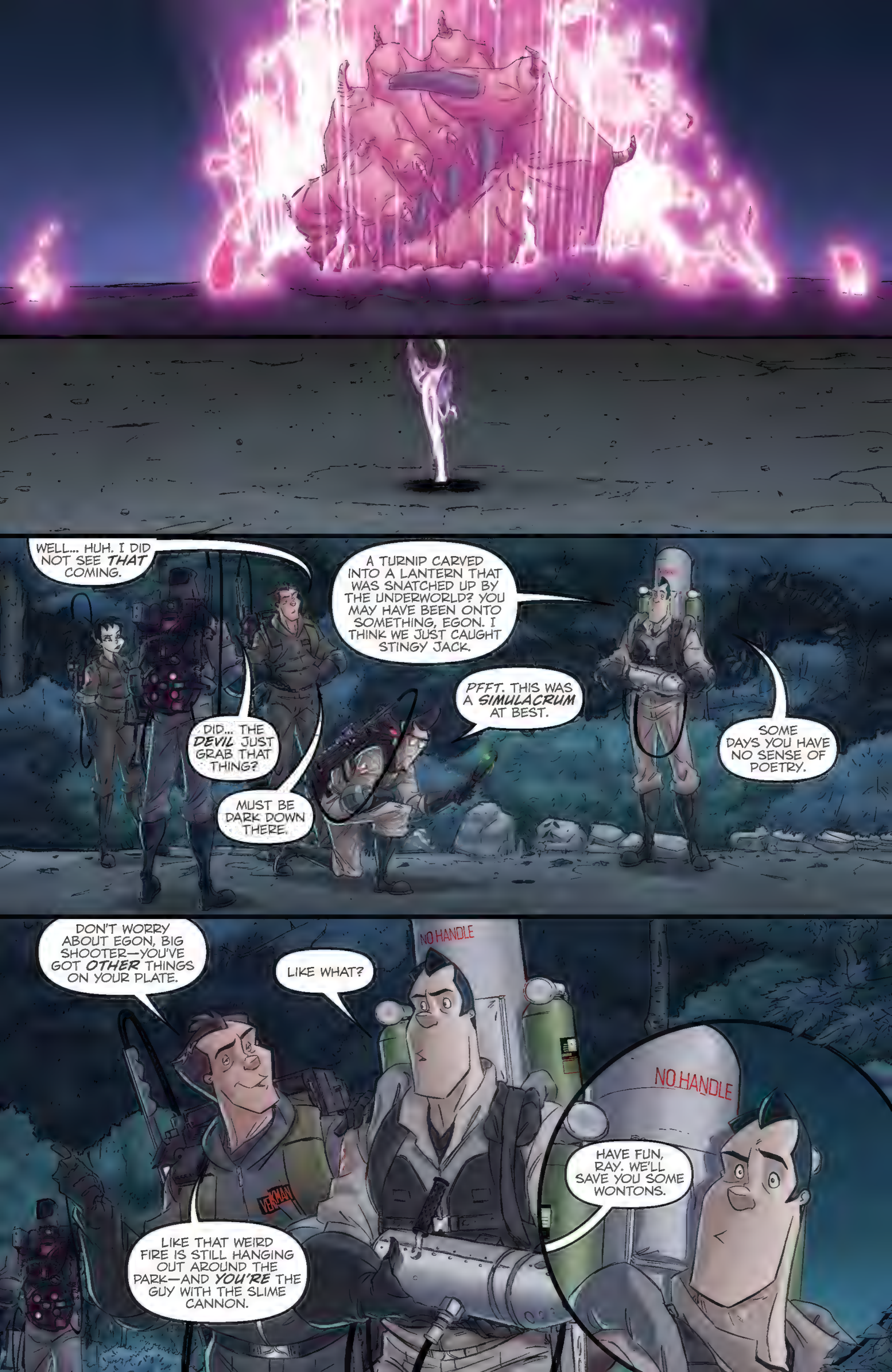
WINSTON!!

WHAT THE...?
THIS ONE'S WEARING A CRUCIFIX, ISN'T HE? OR HE'S THE TRUEST OF TRUE BELIEVERS. EITHER WAY, YE CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO TOUCH HIM... OR ME.
MORE'S THE PITY. YOU'VE LOST AGAIN.
TEK
WHAT-?!
HAHAHAHAHAHA
CLICK

WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT'D WE MISS?
I'M... NOT SURE.

I THINK IT PUNCHED THE TRAP ON ITSELF.
HUH. WELL, YOUR SNACKS ARE SAFE, EGON.
IS IT ME, OR IS IT GETTING WARMER?

OH!
KSSSSSHHH


WELL... HUH. I DID NOT SEE *THAT* COMING.
A TURNIP CARVED INTO A LANTERN THAT WAS SNATCHED UP BY THE UNDERWORLD? YOU MAY HAVE BEEN ONTO SOMETHING, EGON. I THINK WE JUST CAUGHT STINGY JACK.
DID... THE *DEVIL* JUST GRAB THAT THING?
PFFT. THIS WAS A *SIMULACRUM* AT BEST.
SOME DAYS YOU HAVE NO SENSE OF POETRY.
MUST BE DARK DOWN THERE.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT EGON, BIG SHOOTER—YOU'VE GOT *OTHER* THINGS ON YOUR PLATE.
LIKE WHAT?
NO HANDLE
NO HANDLE
HAVE FUN, RAY. WE'LL SAVE YOU SOME WONTONS.
LIKE THAT WEIRD FIRE IS STILL HANGING OUT AROUND THE PARK—AND *YOU'RE* THE GUY WITH THE SLIME CANNON.

IVAN
ART BY IVAN BARRIGA
COLORS BY TOM SMITH'S SCORPION STUDIOS

HAPPY HORROR DAYS!
PART 2: DAY OF THE DEAD
15
ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

IN PRE-HISPANIC MEXICO, DEATH HELD A PLACE OF ESTEEM AND WORSHIP, NOT OF FEAR. IT WAS SIMPLY THE *NEXT PART* OF EXISTENCE.
THE CELEBRATION OF THE DEPARTED WAS SO INGRAINED IN THE CULTURE THAT NOT EVEN HUNDREDS OF YEARS OF A NEW RELIGION COULD ERASE IT—IT WAS MERELY GRAFTED ONTO THE CELEBRATION OF CATHOLICISM'S *ALL SAINTS' DAY* AND *ALL SOULS' DAY*.
EVERY YEAR, ON THE FIRST TWO DAYS OF NOVEMBER, ALTARS ARE BUILT TO CELEBRATE, PRAY FOR, AND REMEMBER THE DEPARTED.
GHOSTS ARE GUIDED BACK TO THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS FOR A SHORT VISIT. MOST OF THESE SPIRITS ARE PLEASED AT THE AFFECTION OF THOSE THEY'VE LEFT BEHIND.
BUT SOME DO *NOT WANT* TO RETURN.
THESE GHOSTS TEND TO BE LESS SUBTLE WITH THEIR DISPLEASURE.

BROOKLYN.
OKAY, JASMINE, TIME FOR BED.
OKAY, BUT I JUST HAVE ONE QUESTION.
YOU'RE STALLING, LITTLE GIRL.
NO, JUST ONE! CAN I PUT THE OFRENDAS TO GAMMA IN MY ROOM?
OH, SWEETIE, NO, NOT THIS YEAR. IT'S TOO SOON.
WE HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT YEAR. WE DON'T WANT GAMMA JENNY CONFUSED, DO WE?
NO...
I PROMISE, THOUGH, NEXT YEAR. WANT THE NIGHTLIGHT ON?
MOM, I'M A BIG GIRL.
AND I HAVE AMIGO CLOWN.
OKAY, BABY GIRL. SLEEP TIGHT.
KLIK
CH-KOW

JASMINE
JASMINE, WAKE UP.
AMIGO CLOWN?
YOUR MOTHER WAS WRONG, JASMINE. IT'S NOT TOO SOON TO GUIDE YOUR GRANDMOTHER HOME. IN FACT, WE CAN BUILD SOMETHING SO WONDERFUL THAT OTHER GHOSTS WILL VISIT JUST TO LOOK.
COME ON, I'LL HELP. JUST DO WHAT I SAY...

A FEW DAYS LATER...

GOD, I DIDN'T KNOW *EL DIA DE LOS MUERTOS* WOULD EVEN BE CELEBRATED THIS FAR NORTH. THIS IS *GREAT*.

I AGREE. TO HAVE SUCH A WEALTH OF CONCENTRATED, BENIGN SPECTRAL ACTIVITY IN ONE PLACE IS A *BOON* FOR PSYCHOKINETIC PATTERN RESEARCH.

ONE WAY

ONE WAY

HEY, THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL TRADITION... YOU COULD BE A LITTLE LESS *DISPASSIONATE* ABOUT IT.

C'MON, WE'RE SCIENTISTS. DISPASSIONATE IS WHAT WE *DO*.

TELL ME ANOTHER ONE. YOU GET EXCITED ABOUT *EVERYTHING*, DR. STANTZ.

YES, BUT *OBJECTIVELY*.

WELCOME

WHAT THE *HELL?!*

I GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU FREAKIN' GUYS! IN FACT I OUGHTA PUT YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT!
UM... WHAT?
MY COUSIN, YOU JERK! YOU GUYS SUCKED MY COUSIN INTO ONE OF YOUR FREAKY LITTLE GHOST BOXES LAST YEAR AND THAT AIN'T RIGHT!

YOU EVEN KNOW WHO YOU'RE CATCHING WITH THOSE THINGS?
IT USUALLY DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE UNLESS THE HAUNTING IS IDENTITY SPECIFIC, WHICH HAPPENS LESS OFTEN THAN YOU MIGHT SUPPOSE.
YOU DISRESPECTING ME, PAL?
I HONESTLY THINK THAT WOULD BE A WASTE OF TIME.
A WASTE OF YOUR—?! YOU SONNUVA... THIS IS FOR LITTLE STEVE!
GOD, GIVE ME STRENGTH.

WE OME DAY OF DEAD
OKAY, SIR, I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH.
I'M A TEAR YOUR HEAD OFF, YOU RAT BAS—
I SAID, ENOUGH.
CRIK
TAAAAAAAAH!
NOW I GET WHY YOU'RE UPSET, BUT THESE GENTLEMEN DON'T TYPICALLY GO AFTER EACH AND EVERY GHOST THEY COME ACROSS. THEY LEAVE THE QUIET ONES BE.
UNLESS THEY MAKE MANIFEST IN SUCH A MANNER AS TO UNNERVE OR PESTER THE—
IS HE CALLING MY COUSIN A PEST? IS HE?!
DR. SPENGLER? SHUT UP.
ONE WAY
AND, YOU—I SUGGEST YOU LET THIS GO BEFORE I HAVE TO ARREST YOU FOR ASSAULT, WHICH IS KIND OF BENEATH ME, YOU KNOW? BUT, HEY, IF YOUR COUSIN MEANT THAT MUCH TO YOU, I CAN TAKE YOU IN, HAVE YOU BOOKED, GET IT ALL ON THE RECORD.
...
NO. NO.
WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE.

CALL ME CRAZY, BUT I *GET* WHY THAT GUY WAS SO WORKED UP.

MMM?

IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR.

RAYMOND, LOOK AT THIS.

EL DIA DE LOS MUERTOS IS ABOUT INVITING SPIRITS *BACK*. IF YOUR FRIENDLY, INNOCENT RELATIVE IS IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME AND GETS SNAPPED UP IN A TRAP WITHOUT—

—ARE YOU TWO *LISTENING* TO ME?

BENIGN SPIRITS RARELY REVEAL THEMSELVES SO *BLATANTLY*.

MOST FOLKS NEVER NOTICE THEY'RE THERE. IT'S ALMOST *IMPOSSIBLE* FOR THEM TO BE IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME.

SO, WHAT'S ON THAT GIZMO THAT'S GOT YOU TWO SO WRAPPED UP?

WELCOME

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

OH... THAT.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
THAT... IS *NOT* A BENIGN SPIRIT.
BUT YOU GUYS BROUGHT, LIKE, A *MINI-BLASTER* OR SOMETHING, RIGHT?
WE DIDN'T THINK WE'D *NEED* ONE.

MEANWHILE, A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...
HOWOOOOOOOO...
LOOK, I KNOW THE MIRANDA RIGHTS WEREN'T AROUND IN YOUR DAY, BUDDY, BUT YOU DO HAVE A RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT.
ACTUALLY, LET'S JUST LEAVE IT AT THAT. YOU DON'T NEED THE REST.
KNOOOB
LOOK AT THAT HAIR. MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET A CUT. OR A SHOWER CAP, SOMETHING.
SHUT. UP.
3RD POLICE PRECINCT
BDEET BDEET
ZEDDEMORE.
WHOA. TAKE A BREATH, RAY, I—WHAT STREET?
WE'RE ONLY A FEW BLOCKS SOUTH. WE'RE ON THE WAY, HANG TIGHT.
GET A MOVE ON, YOU TWO—WE GOT TROUBLE.
RIGHT HERE? RIGHT HERE IN—CRAP, NOW 76 TROMBONES IS STUCK IN MY HEAD...
OH, GOD.
SEVENTY-SIX WHAT?
83RD POLICE PRECINCT

YOU DIDN'T BRING ANYTHING? NOT EVEN A GRENADE? VENKMAN SAID YOU *ALWAYS* HAVE ONE OF THOSE THINGS.

I RAN OUT.

I'M NOT PROUD OF IT.

YOU GUYS REALLY NEED TO KEEP SOME KIND OF A PORTABLE DETERRENT HANDY FOR...

...OH, NO.

MEL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WE NEED TO WAIT FOR THE—

HEY! *YOU!*

RRR?

HSSSS!

BADIDEABADIDEABADIDEA—
HEY, MEL!
THIS ISN'T THE BEST WAY TO DO GET YOUR CARDIO IN!
EEEEEEEEEEEEE
SHZZRRR
KON
KRAKKE
EEEEEEEEEEEEE
HISSSS!
WELL, HUH. THAT'S NEW.
HISSSS!

"WHY, THANK YOU, DR. VENKMAN, FOR ARRIVING IN THE *NICK OF TIME* TO SAVE ME FROM A REALLY GAUDY ANGEL OF DEATH..."

SAVE ME? YOU MADE *TWO* OF THEM. DID YOU EVEN SEE WHAT THAT THING DID TO A CAR?

IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD, WHO CAN TELL?

IS THERE ANOTHER PACK BACK THERE?

LAST ONE.

THEN HAND IT OVER AND DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK—I DON'T KNOW HOW TO READ THOSE LITTLE METERS, AND YOU'RE *TERRIBLE* AT MULTITASKING.

SHE'S RIGHT.

SPEAKING OF THE METERS, I WAS GETTING AN *ATYPICAL READING* OFF OF THE ONE THAT LOOKED LIKE *SANTA MUERTA*.

FIRST, DON'T CALL IT THAT. IT'S NOT *SANTA MUERTA*. SECOND, ATYPICAL HOW?

I DON'T PRECISELY KNOW.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST SPEAK UP WHEN YOU DO, DR. SPENGL—

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

KRASH

MAN, YOU LITTLE—

WINSTON, *NO!*

EEEEEEEE!

EEEEEEEE!

OH, MAN!

RELAX, OLD PEOPLE. THERE ARE STILL OPTIONS.

WOOO

SPLOOORCH
SSSSS
SKREEEE!
WELL THEY DIDN'T LIKE THAT.
YES, POSITIVELY CHARGED SLIME IS QUITE THE... AH, DETERRENT.
STILL, IT'S NOT A PERMANENT SOLUTION.
BETWEEN ITS REACTION TO OUR PROTON STREAMS AND THE ATYPICAL PKE READING, I'D SAY THIS ISN'T A GHOST SO MUCH AS A PROJECTION OF ONE. ITS SPIRIT IS TETHERED TO SOMETHING ELSE.
CAN'T IMAGINE WHY YOU WOULDN'T BE CARRYING THOSE AROUND.
MY GUESS? ONE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD ALTARS CALLED TO SOMETHING AND HELD IT HERE, AND IT ISN'T HAPPY.
OH, IT'S JUST ONE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD ALTARS. THAT NARROWS IT DOWN.
IT'S OKAY—I KNOW HOW TO READ ONE OF THESE, REMEMBER?
WE'LL GO FIND THE SOURCE, LEAVE THEM TO DEAL WITH SANTA... ER... SKELETON.
THANK YOU, RAY. THANK YOU SO MUCH.
DON'T MENTION IT, PETE.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

OKAY. OKAY, WE'RE CLOSE. STRONG VIBES FROM THE NEXT FLOOR.

I HOPE YOU'RE *SURE* THIS TIME.

OH... PRETTY SURE.

KCHASH

IT'S JUST AHEAD.

YOU THINK?

THAT SYMBOL ON THE ALTAR—THAT'S THE PROBLEM! IT'S AN—
SHRZZZAK
DON'T CARE!
EEEEEE—
EEEEEEEEEE!
EEEEEEEEEEEEE!
PKOOM

HELLO, RAY? WHAT DID YOU DO?
IT BLEW UP, RAY.
I DIDN'T DO *ANYTHING*, PETER. MEL WAS THE ONE WHO SEVERED THE TETHER. DID THAT AFFECT THE *SANTA*... THE SKELETON GHOST?
COOL! REMIND EGON TO GRAB A SAMPLE, IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT!
YEAH, I'M NOT DOING THAT.
ARE YOU OKAY, SWEETIE?
THAT *WASN'T* GAMMA JENNY. HE SAID IT WOULD BE GAMMA JENNY.
WHO TOLD YOU, SWEETIE?
IT WAS—
NO!
MOMMY!

DO SOMETHING!
WORKING ON IT, MA'AM...
WHAM
UNF!
MOMMY!
HANG ON, BABY...
THERE'S NOTHING TO SHOOT...
DR. STANTZ! GRAB AN ARM!
I HAVE AN IDEA...
WE'VE GOT YOU, HONEY, WE'VE GOT YOU...

SNRRRL...
GET READY, EVERYONE. BE BRAVE, SWEETIE...
KLIK
WBOOOORD
GNYAAAAAAAAAAAAA...
...AAAAAAHHHH—
HUH.

LATER.
AND THAT'S *ALL* THAT HAPPENED? BLACK HOLE SUCKED ITSELF INTO THE FLOOR?
PRETTY MUCH.
AMBULANCE
F.D.N.Y. AMBULANCE
POLICE
FRIGGIN' GREAT. WHY'D I HAVE TO TAKE *THIS* CALL? I COULD'VE TAKEN THE 604. THERE'S LESS PAPERWORK ON A 604...
HAS THIS KIND OF THING HAPPENED BEFORE?
IT'S NOT UNHEARD OF FOR EVIL SPIRITS TO INFLUENCE OR KIDNAP CHILDREN DURING THIS TIME OF YEAR, THOUGH I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT HAPPENING IN *SUCH* A WAY BEFORE.
I CAN'T WAIT TO WRITE THIS UP.
I DON'T SUPPOSE IT HAPPENED TO *LEAVE* ANY OF ITSELF BEHIND?
HH.
NO MATTER. I'LL TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE READINGS RAY GOT FROM THE CHILD'S ROOM AND MAKE SURE TO SET A *GENERAL ALARM* INTO OUR ROOFTOP SCANNERS.
AFTER ALL, IT WOULDN'T DO TO MISS AN INCURSION OF SOMETHING THAT'S *ACTIVELY TARGETING* CHILDREN...
CH-KOOM

WORLD COLOR

COLOR

Comic Title GHOST BUSTERS Month NOV
No. 10 Identification X 316

YELLOW TS

BLACK TS

RED TS

BLUE TS

X-316

7 X 10 1/2
2 SPS
2 VEWS

ART BY DAN SCHOENING

HAPPY HORROR DAYS!
PART 3: SINTERKLAAS
ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

THE VILLAGE OF RHINEBECK, NEW YORK
Into the LIGHT
CIRKUS
CHINELOS
DISCOUNT EMPORIUM
TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP

CAMP WACONDA
TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP
TOMMY... TOMMY...
BWHUH?

WE KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE...
HE IS COMING FOR YOU... BE READY...
BE READY...

DADDY!

THE RHINEBECK VILLAGE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

THE NEXT DAY.

LOOK, FRANK, IT *WASN'T* JUST A BAD DREAM. I SAW SOMETHING OUT THERE, TOO.

AND IT'S NOT JUST ME. BURT HIGGINS, LOIS CAMPBELL, EVEN THE HUTCHISONS—THEY'VE *ALL* SEEN THINGS, TOO.

BUT THEY THINK IT'S SOME KIDS FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL PLAYING PRANKS OR SOMETHING. I KNOW BETTER, FRANK—I *KNOW* WHAT I *SAW*.

I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU EXPECT ME TO DO HERE, WALLY. IF IT'S SOME KIDS MESSIN' AROUND, WELL, *THAT* I CAN DEAL WITH. BUT IF IT'S SOMETHING ELSE...

LOOK, I'M NOT AN EXPERT ON HAUNTINGS.

I KNOW, FRANK...

"...THAT'S WHY I *CALLED* SOME IN."

GOD, I *HATE* THIS WEATHER. IT ALWAYS GIVES ME *DEJA VU*.

OH, QUIT COMPLAINING, PETE.

YOU QUIT COMPLAINING.

I WASN'T.

AND WHY NOT? IT'S LIKE FIFTEEN DEGREES OUT. YOU SHOULD BE A *FEDSICLE*.

EH, I GOT A GREAT DEAL ON SOME LONG UNDERWEAR LAST WEEK.

HERE'S YOUR *GUNK*, DR. SPENGLER.

MM.

OKAY, MEL BAGGED SOME SLIME, YOU GOT A READING... I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THAT *SOMETHING'S* BEEN HERE, BUT I'M NOT SURE I'M READY TO BELIEVE IT WAS *SANTA*. HE'S A JOLLY GUY. STALKING KIDS DOESN'T REALLY SEEM LIKE IT'D BE HIS THING.

SAME DIFFERENCE.

IT'S NOT "SANTA CLAUS." IT'S "SINTERKLAAS."

HARDLY. CLAUS IS A BASTARDIZATION OF SINTERKLAAS, SOFTENED BY DECADES OF POETRY, AD CAMPAIGNS, AND CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMING.

"THE SINTERKLAAS LEGENED TAKES TRAITS OF THE NORSE GOD ODIN—SUCH AS HIS GENERAL APPEARANCE OR HAVING SERVANTS THAT REPORT TO HIM ABOUT THE GOINGS-ON OF THE WORLD—AND MARRIES THIS WITH VARIOUS OTHER BITS OF FOLKLORE AND SOME TRAITS OF THE CATHOLIC SAINT, NICHOLAS.
BOOT 13
"INSTEAD OF FLYING FROM THE NORTH POLE, SINTERKLAAS JOURNEYS BY SEA, AND FROM SPAIN.
"LIKE SANTA CLAUS, HE LEAVES GIFTS FOR GOOD CHILDREN.
"WHEREAS BAD CHILDREN ARE PUNISHED, SOMETIMES, AS THE STORIES GO, EVEN ABDUCTED."

SO, HE'S THE CARROT AND THE STICK? HUH.
Y'KNOW, THERE WAS A THING UNDER THE BED TRYING TO TAKE A LITTLE GIRL A FEW WEEKS BACK AND YOUR GUY IN CHICAGO SENT A REPORT ABOUT A "BOGEYMAN" SIGHTING AT A SCHOOL...*
...NOW THIS LITTLE BOY SAYS A GHOST IS OUT TO TAKE HIM?
WEIRD THAT THERE ARE SO MANY SIGHTINGS OF THIS TYPE HAPPENING AT AROUND THE SAME TIME, NO?
*AS SEEN IN ISSUES #8 AND #10!
YOU MAKE A GOOD POINT. THAT'S TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE.
AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN COINCIDENCE.
RRING-CHK. RAY'S OCCULT.
RAY, I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO CROSS REFERENCE SOMETHING FOR ME.
WHADDAYA GOT?
INSTANCES OF RECURRENT CHILD HAUNTINGS AND SUPERNATURAL ABDUCTIONS IN THE LAST, SAY, FIFTY YEARS AND WHETHER THERE'S A DISCERNIBLE PATTERN TO SAME.
ON IT. AND IF YOU HAVE TIME, DON'T FORGET TO GRAB A FEW SAMPLES FOR THE LAB. I'D LOVE TO KNOW WHAT SANTA'S REALLY MADE OF...
IT'S NOT SANTA. LET US KNOW WHAT YOU FIND.
Love Potion

KYLIE! I NEED A TOBIN'S, THE LATEST SPATES, THE, AH, THE SPECTRAL ALMANAC, A MORECI BESTIARY, MCGEE'S "COOPTED PAGANISM", AND, Y'KNOW WHAT? GRAB ME THAT NEW ENGLAND GRIMOIRE FROM THE BACK WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!
THANK YOU!
GOT 'EM, BOSS. WHAT ARE WE LOOKING UP?
SOME BAD STUFF.
Sorry WE'RE CLOSED
LATER...
HM... REFRESH ME. WHAT MONTH WAS THE THING WITH GOZER AND STAY PUFT?
WHICH TIME?
FIRST.
OCTOOOO-NO, NOVEMBER. IT WAS NOVEMBER.
NOVEMBER.
AND THEN FIVE YEARS LATER, THERE WAS... OH.
WHAT? FIND SOMETHING?
I THINK SO, BOSS... AND IT'S SO NOT GOOD.
GALLON'S
YOUR SOURCE FOR ALL SPIRIT FACTS
GALLON'S SPECTRAL ALMANAC

CH-BOOOM
YOU GETTING ANYTHING YET, EGON? I'D LIKE TO STEP IN OUTTA THE COLD BEFORE THINGS START TO CRACK AND FALL OFF.
YOU DON'T SAY.
ICK.
ALL I HAVE IS SNOW.
HM? THE PRECIPITATION IS TINGED WITH PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY. I'M NOT GOING TO GET A SOLID READING OUT HERE.
I'M GOING TO TAKE ONE MORE LOOK AT THE BOY'S ROOM BEFORE WE MOVE ON. WAIT FOR ME.
OH, YEAH. SURE. WE'LL WAIT RIGHT HERE. IN THE COLD. RIGHT, MEL?
EXCELLENT. I SHOULDN'T BE BUT A MOMENT.
)SIGH(

SO, WHEN YOU WOKE UP THIS MORNING, DID YOU THINK YOU'D BE IN THE BOONIES, HUNTING DOWN EVIL SANTA?
NOPE.
YEAH, ME NEITHER.
I TOLD YOU BOTH, IT'S *NOT SANTA*, IT'S—
IT'S *HERE*.
BDEEP BDEEP BDEEP
YOU WANT US TO COME UP?
NO. I'LL TRY TO DRIVE IT OUT *TOWARDS* YOU.
BE READY...
KAWHAM

HE IS NOT THE CHILD.
HE IS NOT.
NOT THE CHILD.
HHHHH...
HHHAAAAAAGGGHH!
SHZZZZAK
HSSSS—

HE'S—NFF—HE'S LEAVING THE HOUSE!
CAMP WACUMA
WE CAN'T SEE HIM.
THEN HE'S GONE—GET OFF ME—INVISIBLE!
I HATE IT WHEN THEY DO THAT. MAYBE HE'S—
AAIIEEEE!
OH, NOW WHAT?

HELLO? ANYBODY HOME? THIS IS PETER VENKMAN, OF THE GHOSTBUSTERS.

I'M A *CELEBRITY*, SO DON'T SHOOT IF YOU'RE ARMED...

HSSS...

EGON, WE FOUND OL' SAINT NICK ACROSS THE STREET. YOU GONNA BE HERE ANYTIME SOON?

I'M *OCCUPIED*, PETER.

OKAY, OKAY.

SO WE *IMPROVISE*.

HEY, BUDDY! HOW BOUT YOU DROP THE KID, HUH? THOSE THINGS CAN STAIN.

HHSSSSSSHE'S NAUGHTY.

SHE'SSSSSMIIIINE.

HOLD ON THERE, NOW—JUST *HOLD* ON.

WHAT'D THE KID DO? WHY'S SHE NAUGHTY?

HEY, NO ONE'S COMING ANYWHERE NEAR YOU WHILE YOU'RE HOLDING ONTO A *DEFENSELESS KID*. LET'S TALK, YOU AND ME.

SHE'S MIIINE.... STAY BACK....

IS THAT A *BROKEN COOKIE JAR* OVER THERE? IS THAT WHAT THE KID DID? C'MON, THAT'S *BARELY* NAUGHTY. KIDS ARE HARDWIRED FOR SWEETS, AND ACCIDENTS HAPPEN, AM I RIGHT?

NOOOO.

NO? WELL I GUESS YOU'RE A *STICKLER* FOR THE RULES. BUT WHAT DO THE RULES SAY ABOUT A MINOR OFFENSE? JUST A LUMP OF COAL, RIGHT? SO, LET'S MAKE WITH THE COAL AND YOU CAN BE ON YOUR WAY.

NO, MINE.

MIIIIIIIINE!
EEEEK!

NOPE.
HF-HF-HF!
GOT YOUR ATTENTION WITH THAT, DIDN'T I, SANTA? AND IT LOOKS LIKE I TOOK OUT A NICE CHUNK OF DRYWALL. SORRY 'BOUT THAT. BUT IT'LL ALL TURN OUT.
NO!
SHRUNNNAK
AND, HEY, LITTLE GIRL?

CLOSE YOUR EYES, OKAY?
?
WHISSSS
CLICK

HSSSSSSS—

WOOOOOP

WHOA!

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? SURPRISING HIM FROM THE BACK WAS YOUR PLAN.

THERE WAS A DOG. I DIDN'T WANT TO SHOOT HIM.

AH. GOOD CALL.

WHAT WAS THAT? WHAT DID IT WANT WITH OUR DAUGHTER?

IT WANTED TO—UH...

IT WANTED TO *SCARE* HER.

I'M SCARED.

BUT YOU DON'T *NEED* TO BE. NOT ANYMORE.

HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF IT, KID.

AND, AH, IF YOU SEE A SERIOUS-LOOKING GUY WITH GLASSES, YOU DIDN'T GET THIS FROM *ME*.

LATER, BACK IN THE CITY...

...AND IT TURNS OUT THAT "SINTERKLAAS" WAS SIMPLY A ***RECENTLY DECEASED FIREMAN*** WHO USED TO PLAY THE PART FOR THE CHILDREN.

ONE WAY

AS TO ***WHY*** HE WAS ATTACKING THEM... RAY?

HE WAS ***EVOLVING.***

IN LIFE HE HAD A CONNECTION TO SINTERKLAAS THROUGH ROLEPLAY, AND THROUGH THAT ROLEPLAYING, JUDGING NAUGHTY CHILDREN.

YOU SAYIN' THAT MALL SANTAS TURN INTO BOGEYMEN WHEN THEY DIE?

WELL... MAYBE NOT ***ALL*** OF THEM. IT'S, UH, IT'S STILL A NEW AREA OF STUDY.

SO, THAT'S WHY SO MANY OF THESE KIND OF THINGS ARE POPPING UP LATELY? THEY'RE EVOLVING AT RANDOM?
NOT AT *RANDOM*, NO.
THIS IS THE *SPECTRAL ALMANAC*... THERE'S A SECTION IN HERE THAT CHARTS AN INCREASE IN HAUNTING BY AGGRESSIVE SPIRITS WITH BOGEYMAN-LIKE TENDENCIES. IT CORRESPONDS ***ALMOST PERFECTLY*** WITH WARS, WITH GENOCIDE, THE COMING OF GOZER, WITH THE WHOLE VIGO THING...
BASICALLY, THEY'RE LIKE VULTURES CIRCLING BEFORE SOMETHING BIG HAPPENS.
SO, BIG PICTURE, THE FACT THAT THEY'RE POPPING UP ISN'T THE *ONLY* PROBLEM?
NOT EVEN CLOSE.
I FACTORED IN THAT GHOST UNDER THE BED, THE REPORTS FROM CHICAGO, SANTA—
IT'S *NOT SANTA*.
—AND SUSPICIOUS ELEMENTS OF A HALF-DOZEN OTHER BUSTS. WE'VE GOT SOME BUZZARDS IN THE AIR, GUYS, AND ***NO IDEA*** WHAT'S COMING.

?
EEK!
ART BY ERIK BURNHAM
COLORS BY ESTER SALGUERO

HAPPY HORROR DAYS!
PART 4: THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR
ART BY DAN SCHOENING
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

THE JACOB K. JAVITS FEDERAL BUILDING. HOME TO THE NEW YORK BRANCH OF THE FBI.

LATE JANUARY.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO OVER THIS JUST ONE MORE TIME, ORTIZ.

SERIOUSLY? HOW MANY TIMES DO WE NEED TO DO THIS?

YOU'RE MEANT TO BE A *LIAISON* BETWEEN THE BUREAU AND THE GHOSTBUSTERS, ORTIZ. NOW IS THE TIME TO LIAISE. MAKE ME UNDERSTAND THIS REPORT.

WE'VE GONE OVER IT A HUNDRED TIMES.

AND WE'LL GO OVER IT A HUNDRED *MORE* IF I FEEL THE NEED. DON'T YOU DARE FORGET WHO APPROVED YOUR TRANSFER TO NEW YORK AND ALLOWED YOU TO WORK WITH THE GHOSTBUSTERS IN THE FIRST PLACE.

NOW, FROM THE *BEGINNING*.

(SIGH)

YES, SIR...

"...FROM THE BEGINNING.

"IT STARTED LAST MONTH, WHEN DR. SPENGLER FINALLY GOT SERIOUS ABOUT INVESTIGATING THE ***RED LIGHTNING STRIKES*** THAT HAVE BEEN POPPING UP IN THE TRI-STATE AREA."

KR-CHAKZZZ

INTERESTING.

THE READINGS FROM THE "LIGHTNING" HAVE MUCH IN COMMON WITH STRONG PKE READINGS WE'VE PICKED UP LATELY.

AND IT'S BECOMING MORE FREQUENT. THIS ***CAN'T*** BE A COINCIDENCE.

WHUK

IT'S NOT LIKE WE HAVEN'T BEEN SAYING THAT...

WELL, MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE TRIED ***PROVING*** IT.

DANGER
I'M CONCERNED THAT THE LIGHTNING IS *MORE* THAN A BY-PRODUCT OF THE INCREASING BUILDUP OF CHILD-HAUNTING ENTITIES. THE STRIKES HAVE BEEN HEAVIEST IN THE CITY, DIMINISHING TO THEIR LOWEST POINT JUST PAST RHINEBECK...
THAT'S A *HUNDRED MILE* RADIUS.
YES. IT'S A PROBLEM.
EMERGENCY ROOMS HAVE ALREADY REPORTED A SHARP *RISE* IN PEDIATRIC VISITS. COMPLAINTS OF HEADACHES, COUPLED WITH VIOLENT IMPULSES.
SOME AFFECTED INDIVIDUALS ARE AS OLD AS THEIR EARLY TWENTIES.
OH? OH... PERFECT.
NOT A WORD. NOT A %$#@ WORD.
GRIFFIN
SUCH *LANGUAGE*, YOUNG LADY.
AM I GOING TO HAVE TO DIG UP A BAR OF SOAP?
GRIFFIN

AND THIS CONFIRMS MY SUSPICIONS—THE LIGHTNING HAS TO BE MORE CONNECTED TO THE BOGEYMEN THEMSELVES THAN ANY THREAT THESE ENTITIES COULD BE ANTICIPATING.
PERHAPS IT'S A BY-PRODUCT OF THEIR PRESENCE, PERHAPS THE EQUIVALENT OF AN INTENTIONAL PHEROMONE RELEASE, ENCOURAGING "NAUGHTY BEHAVIOR"...
...SO THEY CAN FEED.
SOMETHING WANTS TO EAT ME?
NOT LITERALLY.
...
WELL, PROBABLY NOT LITERALLY.
GRIFFIN
WHEN RAY AND MISS GRIFFIN DISCOVERED A CORRELATION BETWEEN CATASTROPHIC EVENTS IN WORLD HISTORY AND THE INCREASE IN BOGEYMAN ACTIVITY, I WAS CONCERNED THAT THIS RED LIGHTNING MAY BE CONNECTED TO SOMETHING FAR WORSE.
THE FACT THAT IT ISN'T IS EXCITING. IT'S A NEW DISCOVERY. I'LL HAVE TO WRITE A PAPER...
"OKAY, HOLD ON. HOLD ON..."

...THERE'S NOTHING IN YOUR WRITTEN REPORT ABOUT ANY KIND OF "COMING THREAT."
I DIDN'T THINK IT RELEVANT.
YOU DON'T THINK IMMINENT DANGER IS A RELEVANT THING TO MENTION IN AN OFFICIAL REPORT?
NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT "IMMINENT."
DOCTORS SPENGLER AND STANTZ DISCOVER "LOOMING THREATS" ALL THE TIME, SIR. AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, MOST OF THE TIME IT'S LIKE A COLD WAR NUCLEAR STAND-OFF—THE DANGER MIGHT BE THERE, BUT IT DOESN'T ALWAYS MANIFEST.
YOU JUST SAID THAT THEY FELT THERE WAS SOME KIND OF CORRELATION BETWEEN CATASTROPHIC EVENTS AND INCREASED ACTIVITY BY "BOGEYMEN."
THEIR RESEARCH HAS SHOWN DISTINCT OVERLAP BETWEEN THE TWO ELEMENTS, BUT I HAVEN'T NOTICED ANYTHING OVERLY HORRIBLE IN THE NEWS LATELY, SIR.
THERE HAS TO BE A MARGIN OF ERROR IN ANY COLLECTION OF STATISTICS, RIGHT?
MM.
LET'S GET BACK TO THE BOGEYMAN THING.

SINCE BEFORE HISTORY WAS RECORDED, BOGEYMEN HAVE SERVED A PURPOSE—DETERRING UNWANTED BEHAVIOR. "DON'T DO THAT, OR SOMETHING BAD WILL COME TO GET YOU." AS A CHILD, YOU HAVE NO REASON TO DISBELIEVE THIS, ESPECIALLY COMING FROM A PARENT.
BUT BELIEFS CAN BRING STRANGE THINGS INTO BEING, AND THE BELIEF OF CHILDREN IS ESPECIALLY POTENT.
WHAT BEGAN AS A SIMPLE DETERRENT GREW MORE POWERFUL, AND THEN MULTIPLIED. IT BECAME SOMETHING THAT COULD TRULY HAUNT CHILDREN THE WORLD OVER.
"SOME WOULD JUST TERRORIZE THEM IN THE NIGHT.
"OTHERS WOULD PUNISH THEM IN A MORE PHYSICAL WAY.
"AND SOME WOULD ABDUCT CHILDREN."
I HAVE SOME THEORIES ABOUT THAT.
AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY OF 'EM, MAN. I WANT TO SLEEP TONIGHT.
SO, ALL THIS IS BECAUSE OF A BOGEYMAN? THEY DON'T USUALLY HAVE THIS KIND OF JUICE.

NO.
THEY DON'T.
CLICK CLICK
I'M CONCERNED THIS IS, FOR LACK OF A BETTER DESCRIPTION, A BIGGER VERSION.
SIZE ASIDE, WHY IS NEW YORK THE EPICENTER? THERE ARE OTHER CITIES.
NOT REALLY.
IT'S PROBABLY HAPPENING HERE BECAUSE ALL THE SPADEWORK IS DONE, AS FAR AS IT GOES. WE'VE HAD SEVERAL MAJOR SUPERNATURAL EVENTS OVER THE COURSE OF THE LAST DECADE OR SO. MANHATTAN IS PRIMED FOR JUST THIS KIND OF HAPPENING.
ALSO, PETER'S RIGHT. NEW YORK IS NEW YORK. C'MON.
GLAD WE GOT THAT SETTLED. NOW, WHERE DO WE LOOK FOR IT? DOES THE BOGEYMAN HAVE A BUILDING WITH A PARK VIEW TOO, OR DO YOU GOTTA BE A GOD FOR THAT?
ALSO, WHEN IS WHATEVER GOING TO HAPPEN? WITH NO APPARENT TIMETABLE AND A LARGE AREA TO COVER... I DON'T LIKE OUR ODDS.
IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.
SURE. BOGEYMAN LIKES TO PARTY. WHY NOT? ONLY THING WE GOTTA DO NOW IS TRY TO NARROW DOWN THE WHERE...

"...AND FOR THAT, I KNOW *JUST* WHERE TO GO."

THE EAST VILLAGE.

PETER VENKMAN!

PSYCHIC

ONE WAY

ONE WAY

HASTY PASTRY

IT'S SO *NICE* TO SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU KNOW, YOU NEVER DID CALL ME...

WELL, I WAS BUSY AT THE TIME. THE WORLD WAS ENDING, OR SOMETHING. LOOK, SPEAKING OF WHICH—

THE WORLD *ISN'T* ANYTIME SOON. I CHECKED THIS MORNING.

THAT'S CUTE, BUT I NEED YOU TO CHECK ON SOMETHING *ELSE* FOR ME.

WAIT—DON'T TELL ME. LET ME GUESS.

ARE YOU *SERIOUS*?

I BET. AND WHY DID YOU NEED *ME* HERE?

HEY, I HAD HER ON MY SHOW. SHE'S GOT TALENT.

IF THINGS GET WEIRD, YOU GOT A GUN.

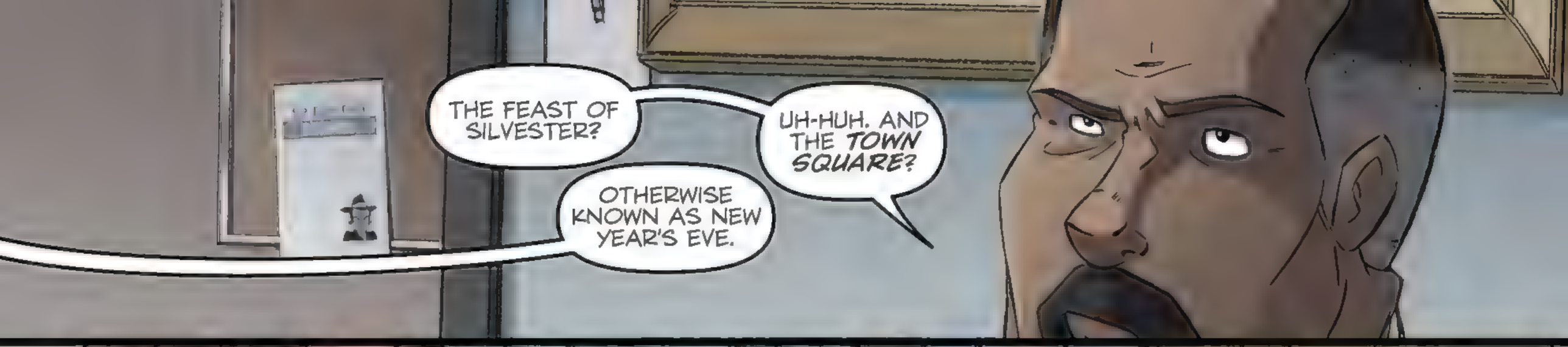
AND HOW WILL THINGS GET—

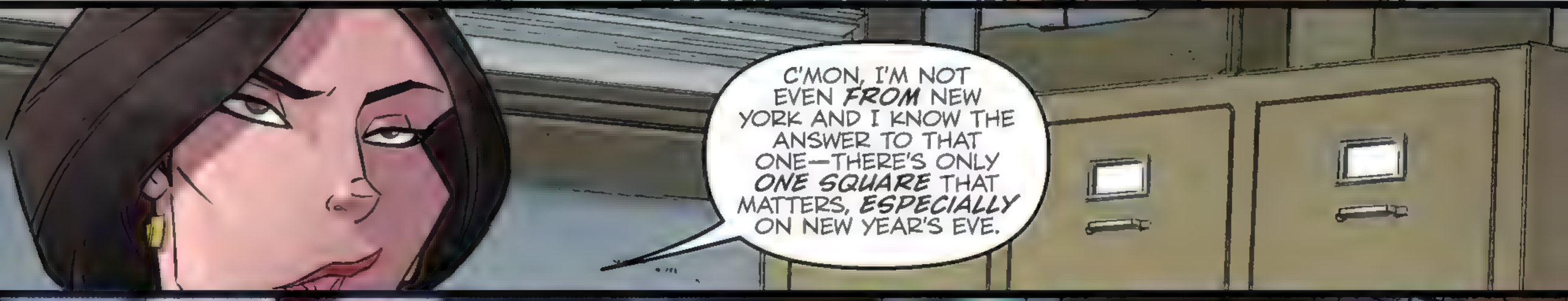
I SPEAK THROUGH THIS VESSEL, HUNTERS. I KNOW WHAT YOU SEEK.

RODEFHIRI WILL COME TO THE TOWN SQUARE DURING THE FEAST OF SILVESTER. HE COMES FOR YOUR FUTURE.

I SLEEP NOW.

THUD


THE FEAST OF SILVESTER?
UH-HUH. AND THE *TOWN SQUARE*?
OTHERWISE KNOWN AS NEW YEAR'S EVE.


C'MON, I'M NOT EVEN *FROM* NEW YORK AND I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE—THERE'S ONLY *ONE SQUARE* THAT MATTERS, *ESPECIALLY* ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

TIMES SQUARE.
Broadway
NEW YEAR'S EVE
The Atlan
EARP

ALMOST MIDNIGHT.
AND THIS READING IS GROWING WITH EACH MOMENT.
WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?

WHERE DO YOU *THINK*?
NEW YEAR'S

"DR. SPENGLER'S READINGS INDICATED ONE TIMES SQUARE?"

"THAT'S RIGHT, SIR."

CH-THOOOM

HSSSSS...

REMEMBER, *DON'T LOOK!* DON'T—

LOOK...

GUYS? *GUYS!* MAN, THEY *NEVER* FOLLOW THEIR OWN INSTRUCTIONS!

TELL ME ABOUT IT.

PLAN?

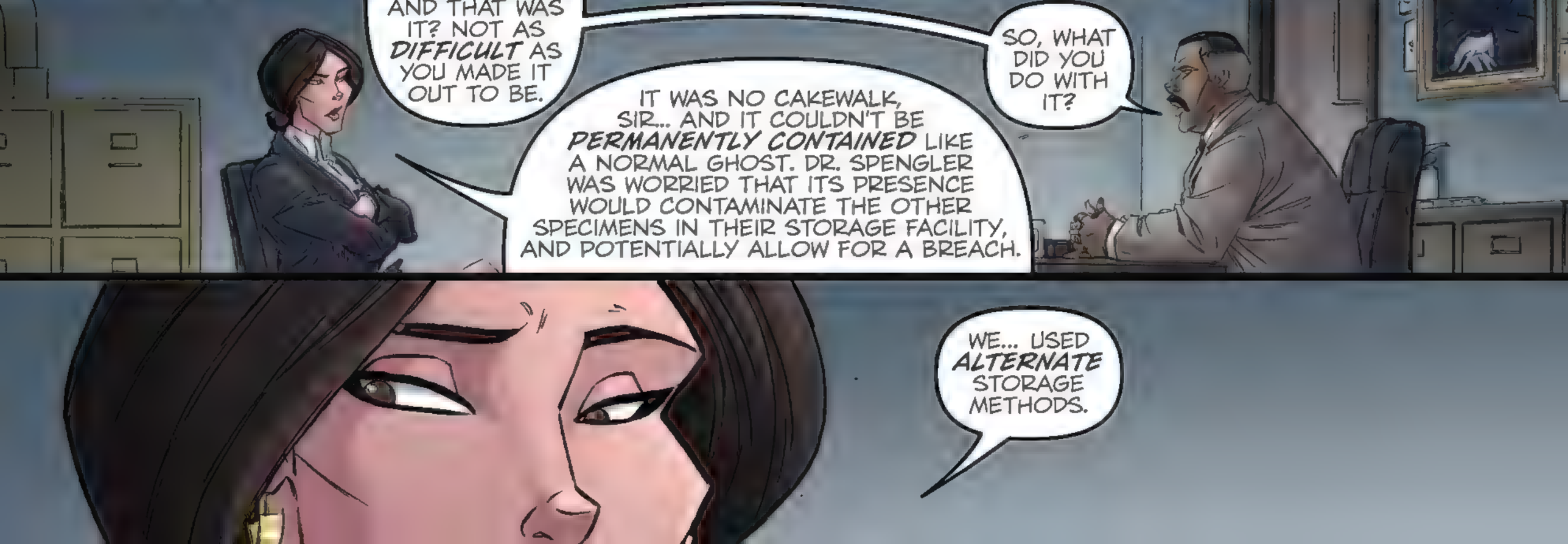
NOT ONE I'M GONNA LIKE.
WINSTON?
WHY DID YOU LET ME DIE, WINSTON?
TIYAH'S NOT DEAD...
SHE'S NOT DEAD!
SHRZZZAK

SKREEEEE
ORTIZ... NOW...
COPY.
FWIP
CLICK
VWOOORP
NO...
I WILL NOT BE TRAPPED...
NOT BY YOU!

AND THEN IT STARTED EATING CHILDREN?
"MULTIPLICATION OF PSYCHOKINETIC RESERVES VIA THE ABSORPTION OF AMBIENT MENTAL ENERGY."
IN ENGLISH?
"BASICALLY, YEAH, IT WAS STEALING EXTRA JUICE FROM THE KIDS IN THE CROWD.
"THAT WAS ITS PLAN THE WHOLE TIME—IF IT HADN'T BEEN FIGHTING THE TRAP, IT COULD'VE EMPTIED EVERY KID IN THE FIVE BOROUGHS."
THE TRAP'S NOT WORKING! WHAT DO WE DO?
WE GOT MORE THAN ONE TRAP...
...SO, LET'S USE 'EM!

NYAAAAARRRGHHH

AND, BOOM.
WHO'S UP FOR A ROUND OF *AULD LANG SYNE*?
TOO SOON.


AND THAT WAS IT? NOT AS ***DIFFICULT*** AS YOU MADE IT OUT TO BE.
IT WAS NO CAKEWALK, SIR... AND IT COULDN'T BE ***PERMANENTLY CONTAINED*** LIKE A NORMAL GHOST. DR. SPENGLER WAS WORRIED THAT ITS PRESENCE WOULD CONTAMINATE THE OTHER SPECIMENS IN THEIR STORAGE FACILITY, AND POTENTIALLY ALLOW FOR A BREACH.
SO, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT?
WE... USED ***ALTERNATE*** STORAGE METHODS.

"WE LET THE ENTITY REMAIN IN THE INDIVIDUAL TRAPS.

"WE SECURED THESE TRAPS AGAINST ACCIDENTAL RELEASE.

"AND THEN WE STORED THEM IN... *OUTSIDE FACILITIES* UNTIL WE CAN FIND A BETTER SOLUTION."

CALL JL5-2020

Call Us

I SEE. I THINK THAT ANSWERS MY QUESTIONS.

BY ALL MEANS. GET SOME REST. YOU'LL NEED IT.

SO I CAN FINALLY GO HOME?

SIR?

THE *DEPUTY DIRECTOR* WILL BE IN IN THE MORNING. HE HAS A FEW QUESTIONS FOR YOU AS WELL.

HAVE A PLEASANT NIGHT, AGENT ORTIZ.

NEXT: THE GHOSTBUSTERS' 30TH ANNIVERSARY BEGINS WITH ***MASS HYSTERIA!***

ART BY RICARDO SANCHEZ ARREOLA
COLORS BY ADAM GUZOWSKI

"TEE TIME TERROR"

POK

WORDS: ERIK BURNHAM
ART: BLAIR D. SHEDD

THE... GHOST ACTIVITY IN MANHATTAN HAS HAD A SHARP SEASONAL INCREASE, AND I DO NOT TRUST THE GHOSTBUSTERS TO FIND *COMPETENT* HELP.

AGENT ORTIZ HAS EXPERIENCE WITH BOTH THE EQUIPMENT AND THE UNIQUE HAZARDS OF THE WORK. SHE'S THE *PERFECT* CANDIDATE.

WELL, FIND SOMEONE *ELSE* THAT'S PERFECT, WALTER. OR LET THE GHOSTBUSTERS FIND THEIR OWN EMPLOYEES. EITHER WAY, I DON'T SEE HOW THIS IS MY PROBLEM AT ALL.

KLK

BOOORD

SPLORCH

HHHHHH...

WHAT... THE...

THAT WAS A *GHOST*, EDWARD. THEY DO SEEM TO BE EVERYWHERE.

IT'D BE A *SHAME* IF YOU WERE TO DISCOVER YOUR HOUSE WAS HAUNTED, WOULDN'T IT? I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD SPARE THE RESOURCES TO HELP YOU, IF THAT WERE TO HAPPEN...

ARE YOU SERIOUS? SHE'S JUST ONE PERSON... IT SHOULDN'T...

THE RIGHT *ONE PERSON* MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD, EDWARD. I'LL BE EXPECTING YOUR OFFICE TO EXPEDITE THE PAPERWORK.

MEANWHILE, LET'S CALL THAT SHOT A *MULLIGAN*, HMM? I KNOW YOU USUALLY LIKE TO HOLD OFF UNTIL LATER IN THE GAME.

BUT NOW THAT WE'RE ON THE SAME PAGE ABOUT AGENT ORTIZ, I FEEL OPTIMISTIC THAT WE CAN GET THROUGH THE BACK NINE *WITHOUT* ANY FURTHER INTERRUPTIONS...

THE END.

Prelude to

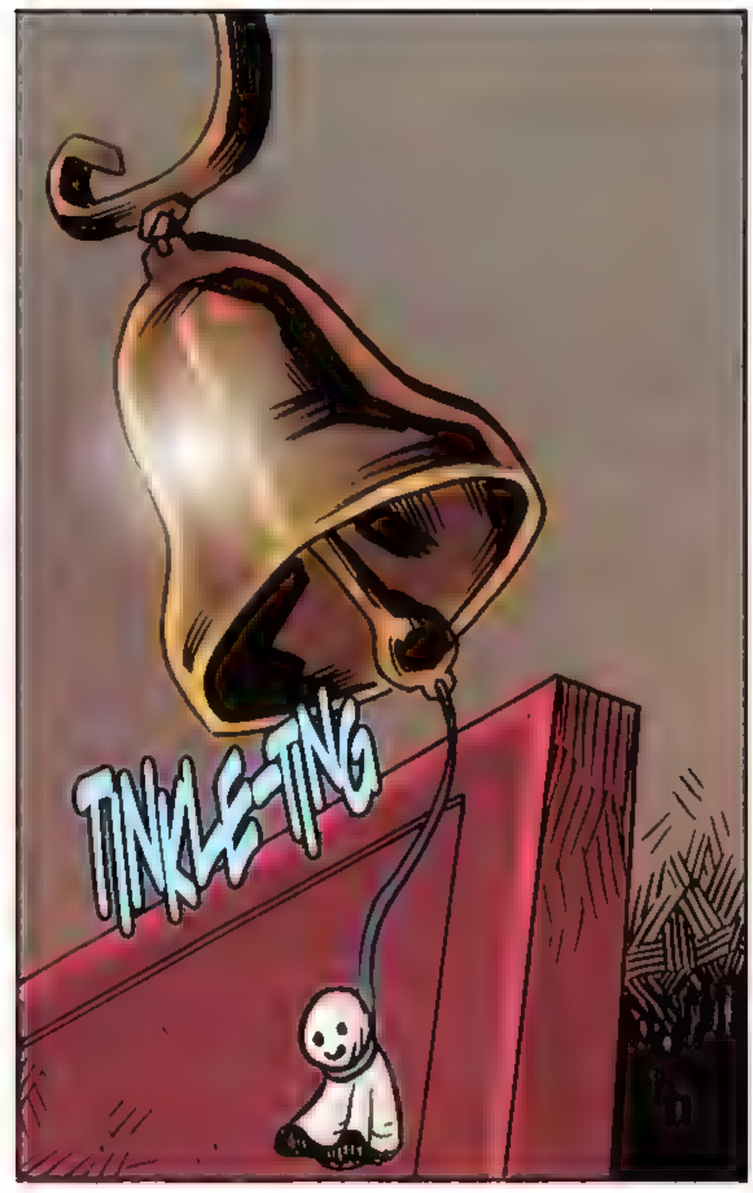
GHOSTBUSTERS™ MASS HYSTERIA!

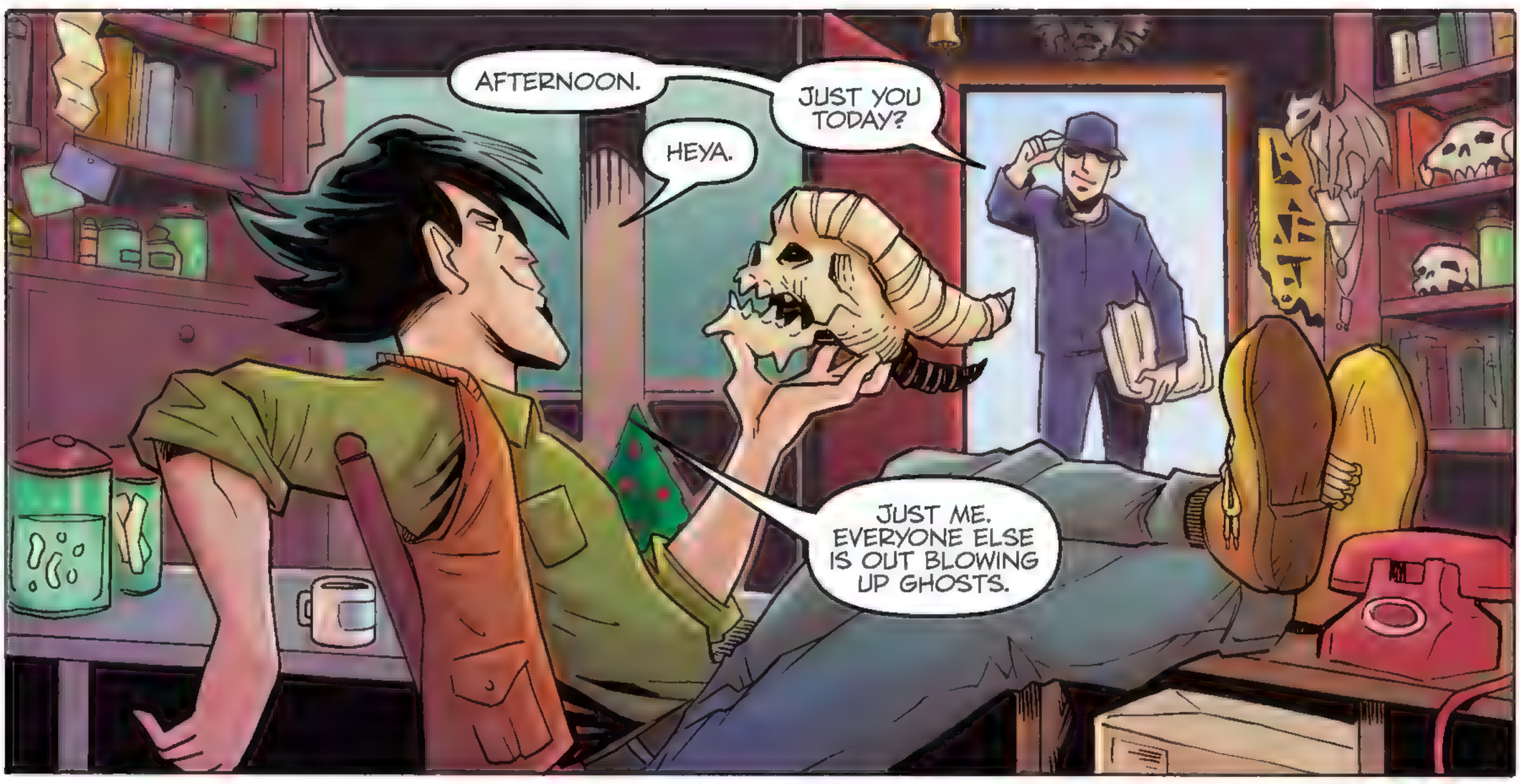
"THE OLD DAYS"

Story by Erik Burnham
Art by Felipe Torrent
Colors by Ester Salguero

30TH ANNIVERSARY

RAY'S
Occult Books
OCCULT BOOKS

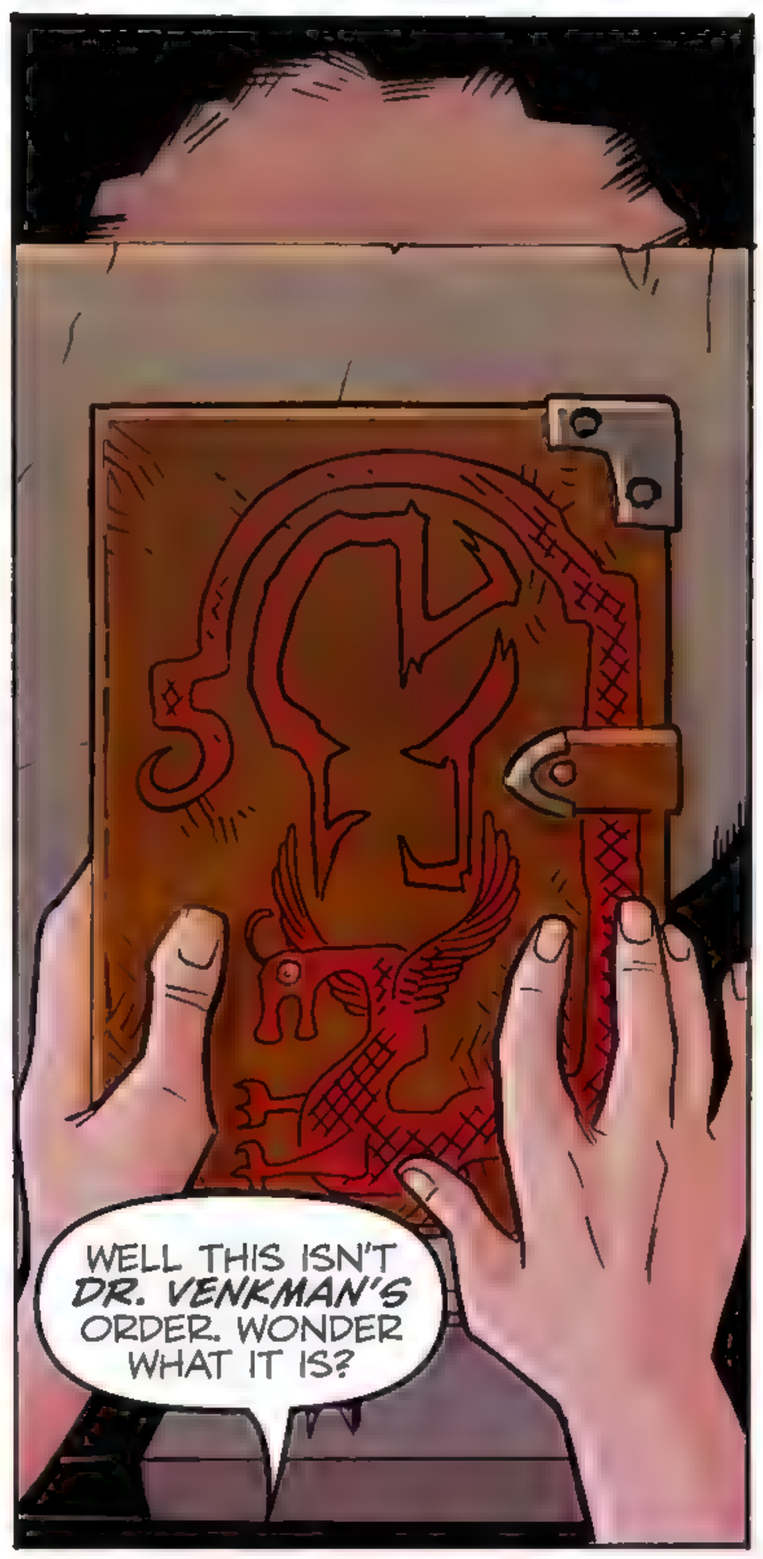

TINKLE-TING


AFTERNOON.
HEYA.
JUST YOU TODAY?
JUST ME. EVERYONE ELSE IS OUT BLOWING UP GHOSTS.

WELL, I'M GONNA NEED A SIGNATURE FOR THE PACKAGE. CAN YOU DO THAT, OR DO I GOTTA COME BACK?
YOU *HOPE*, RIGHT?
NAH, MAN. I GOT IT. DON'T THINK I CAN GET KILLED FOR ACCEPTING A PACKAGE.

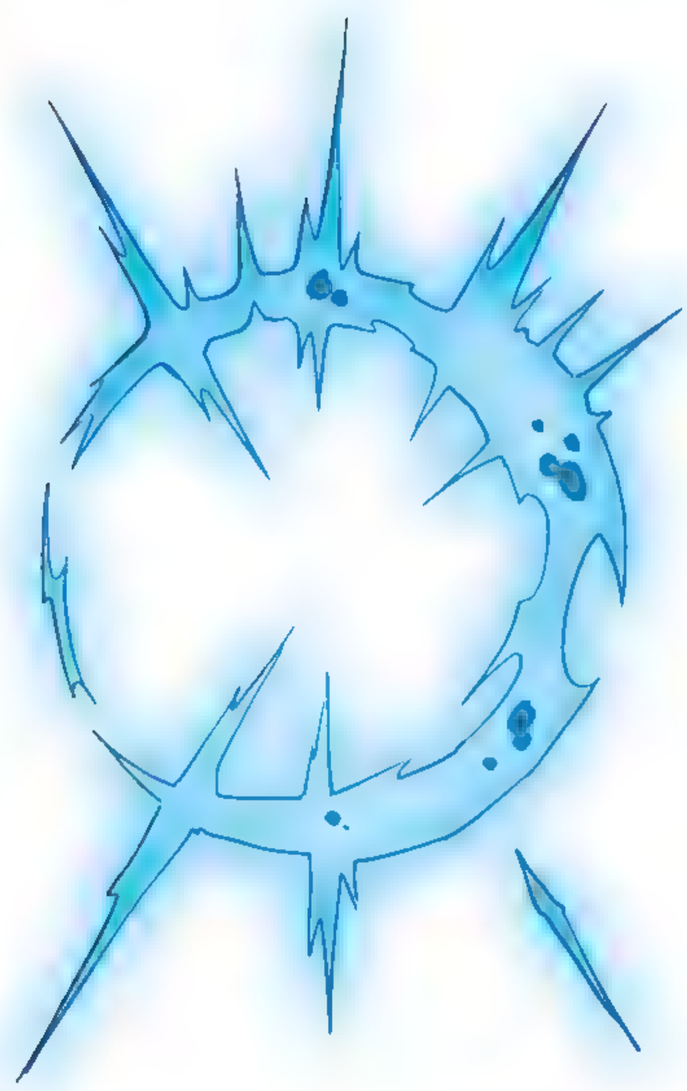
BRRR-CH
BRRR-CH
WELL, IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA PICK UP...

...I'M GONNA OPEN THIS *WITHOUT* YOU.
SHZZZZZUP


WELL THIS ISN'T *DR. VENKMAN'S* ORDER. WONDER WHAT IT IS?

GREAT. I CAN'T READ THIS *ANCIENT* CRAP. IT'S—

WHAT THE...

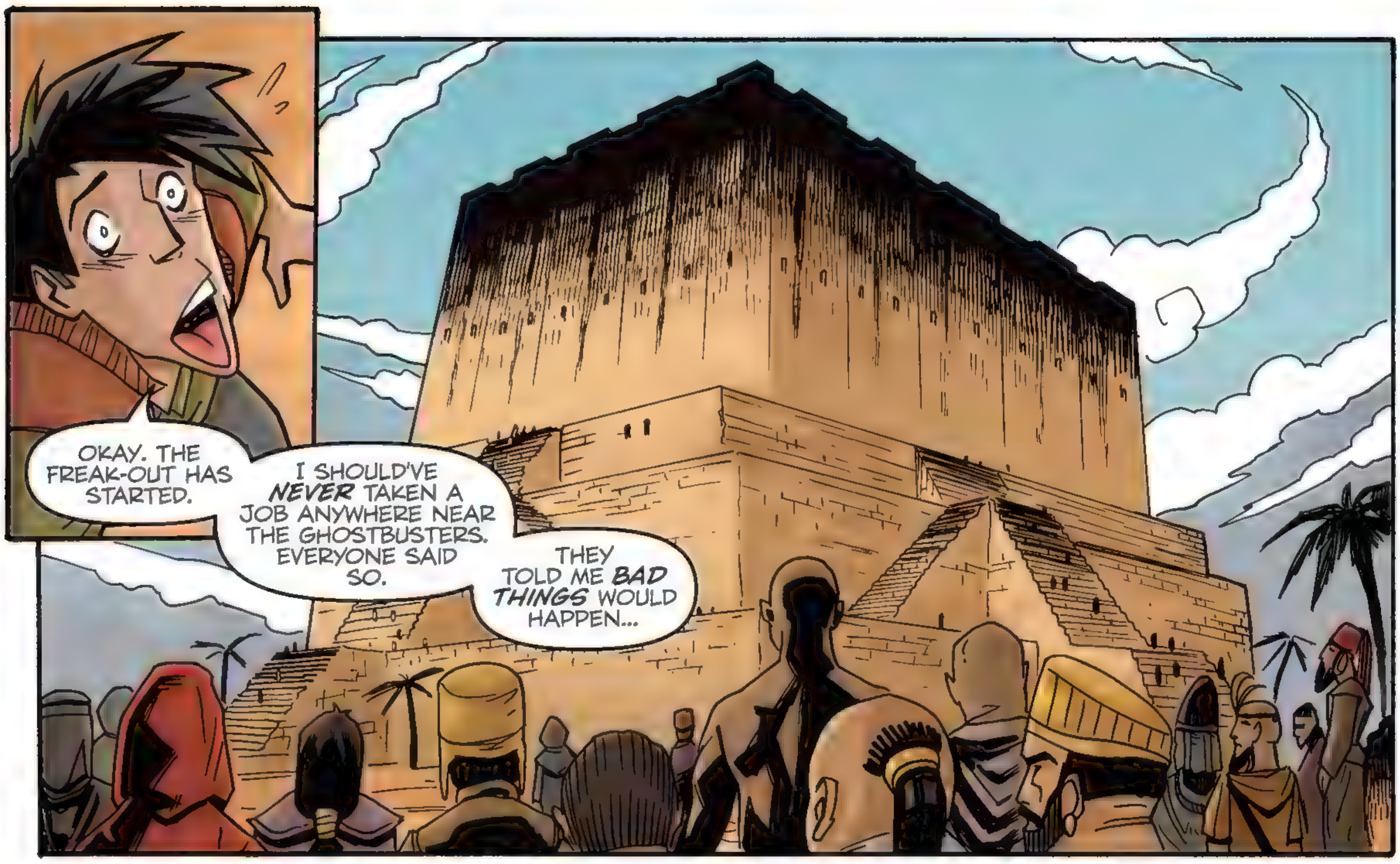


...HECK IS THAT?
...
OH, MAN, THIS IS SO *NOT* THE SHOP.

EXCUSE ME, SIR, DO YOU SPEAK—

—ENGLISH? *SIR?* HELLO?

OKAY. GUESS I SEE WHERE THEY'RE *GOING* BEFORE I FREAK OUT.


OKAY. THE FREAK-OUT HAS STARTED.
I SHOULD'VE NEVER TAKEN A JOB ANYWHERE NEAR THE GHOSTBUSTERS. EVERYONE SAID SO.
THEY TOLD ME BAD THINGS WOULD HAPPEN...

HEY, YOU! DUDE! HOW DO I GET BACK TO NEW YORK? CAN YOU HEAR ME, MAN? YO!
HE CANNOT HEAR YOU. HE CANNOT SEE YOU.

OH, CRAP.
BUT I CAN SEE YOU.

WHO...
I AM A GOD.
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
I WANT YOU TO DELIVER A MESSAGE TO YOUR PEOPLE.

THE EARTH WAS BENEATH MY NOTICE. ITS PEOPLE WERE NOTHING TO ME.
THAT'S CHANGED.

YOUR PEOPLE HAVE DEFEATED MY BROTHER. THEY HAVE SHAKEN THE VERY CORE OF THE UNIVERSE.
THAT INTERESTS ME. IT SURPRISES ME.

AND NOW...

ZZZZRT
...I WANT TO PLAY!
UNH!

—DUARDO?
EDUARDO, CAN YOU *HEAR* ME?
AN AMBULANCE IS ON THE WAY.

NNNH— WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU PASSED OUT. YOU FORGET YOUR *SHOT* OR SOMETHING?
NO, IT WAS THE *BOOK*...

WHAT BOOK?
THE ONE THAT WAS DELIVERED TO— *WHOA!*
STEADY!
I'M *FINE*.

IT WAS HERE. IT WAS RIGHT *HERE*. AND THEN I WAS IN SOME WEIRD PLACE IN THE PAST, AND...
...MAYBE IT WAS A DREAM. MAYBE I *DID* FORGET MY SHOT.

BUT THERE'S THIS *WORD* IN MY HEAD...
YOU GUYS KNOW WHAT A *TIAMAT* IS?
Stantz
THE END... FOR NOW!

Prelude to

GHOSTBUSTERS™ MASS HYSTERIA!

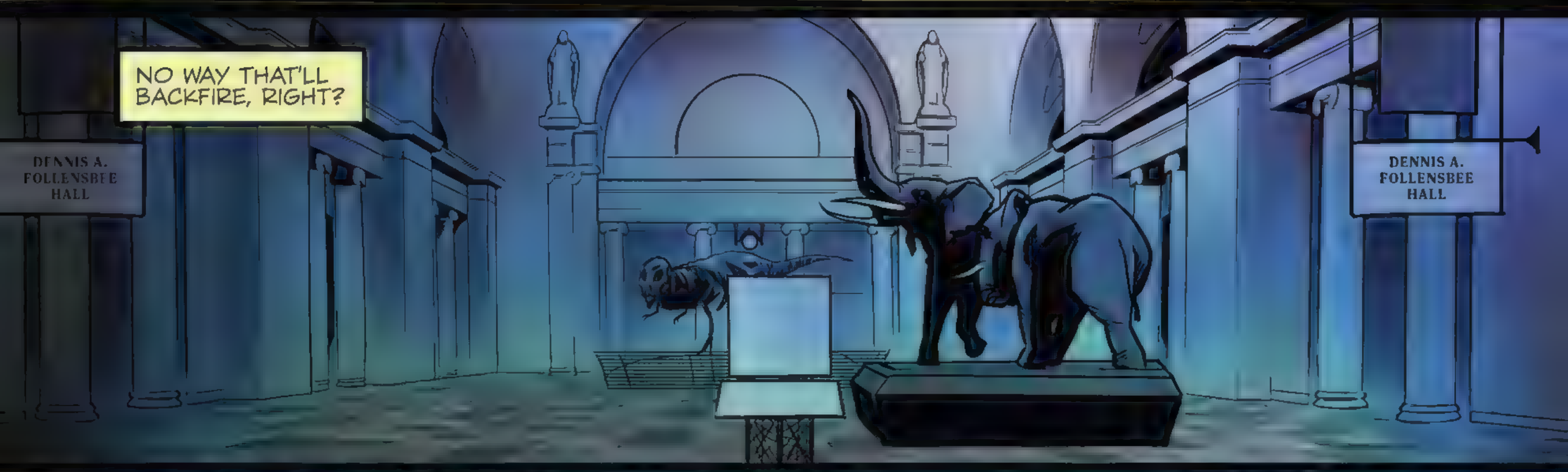
"FIELD TRIP"

Story by Erik Burnham
Art by Erik Evensen

30TH ANNIVERSARY

CHICAGO.

A NOTED MUSEUM, HAVING LEARNED ***ABSOLUTELY NOTHING*** FROM A RECENT DEBACLE IN NEW YORK, HAS DECIDED TO EXHIBIT A SELECTION OF GOZERIAN ARTIFACTS.



MEANWHILE...

I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU COMING IN TO TAKE A LOOK BEFORE WE DEBUT ALL THIS TO THE PUBLIC...

SURE THING, DR. SELWYN. WE'RE HAPPY TO GIVE EVERYTHING A ONCE OVER. HECK, I THOUGHT ALL THIS STUFF WAS *DESTROYED* BACK IN NEW YORK.

THIS ISN'T THE SAME COLLECTION. IN FACT, A LOT OF THESE PIECES ARE *RECENT* DISCOVERIES I WAS CALLED IN TO AUTHENTICATE, AND THEN...

AND THEN YOU SAID, "HEY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA—LET'S PUT ON A SHOW FOR THE PUBLIC!"

BECAUSE THE WHOLE GOZER THING NEVER CAUSED ANYONE ANY TROUBLE BEFORE.

RON, DON'T BE LIKE THAT...

IT'S OKAY. I GET WHAT HE MEANS. BUT SINCE CHICAGO IS SO FAR AWAY FROM ANYTHING RELATED TO *IVO SHANDOR*, I FELT THAT—

BOOP

RRRRARRAWR...

BOOP

BOOP

RRRRRR...

WHAT THE HELL?!
GRRRAWWWRRARR!
HELLO? THIS IS YOUR CUE! SHOOT IT ALREADY! ROOKIE!
AREN'T YOU GOING TO HELP HIM?
THIS READING—IT'S NOT COMING FROM THE LION!
HANG ON, RON! I HAVE AN IDEA!
HANG ON?! WAIT! GET BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE MOTHER—
GRRRAARRRWWWL!

IT'S FINE. TOTALLY FINE. I HAVE THIS HANDLED.
SNRRL
CLICK
Y'KNOW, I DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO TEST THIS BABY AT CLOSE RANGE, BUT SOMETIMES THE UNIVERSE THROWS A CURVEBALL AND YOU GOTTA IMPROVISE.
SAY CHEESE, SIMBA.
CHOOM
ARRROOO???!
THE WORLD
THAT'S RIGHT, BUDDY—I BRING THE THUNDER. WHAT YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?
GNARRR!
OH, CRAP.

SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO *HELP* HIM?

HE'LL PROBABLY BE FINE. THIS IS A *BIGGER* THREAT...

OH, WOW.

THOSE LETTERS—THEY *WEREN'T* THERE BEFORE.

WHAT DO THEY SAY? CAN YOU READ THEM?

IT'S A WARNING... IT SAYS... "BEWARE."

OKAY. *DEFINITELY* THE BIGGER THREAT. UM, PLEASE COVER YOUR EYES, DR. SELWYN... AND I'M REALLY SORRY FOR THIS, BY THE WAY...

SHZZZAAAAK

KTOOOM

LATER...
HUNH.
RON! ARE YOU—WAIT, IS THAT THING MISSING A HEAD? DID YOU DESTROY AN EXHIBIT?!
IT WAS TRYING TO EAT ME. WHAT WAS YOUR EXCUSE?
I... DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
NO? TRY TURNING YOUR WALKIE OFF NEXT TIME. I HEARD EVERYTHING.
HERE YOU GO, SWEETHEART. MAYBE YOU CAN SEW IT UP OR SOMETHING.
RON! WE'VE TALKED ABOUT THIS! HAVE SOME RESPECT FOR THE CLIENT!
IT'S FINE.
I HAVE A CONTRACT WITH THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES THAT STIPULATES I CAN'T BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY DAMAGES CAUSED BY SUPERNATURAL FORCES.
I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ANY TROUBLE.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. HOPE FOR THE BEST...
...AND PREPARE FOR THE WORST.
THE END...?

ART BY ERIK BURNHAM

ART BY ERIK BURNHAM

ART BY ERIK BURNHAM
COLORS BY LUIS ANTONIO DELGADO

HAROLD RAMIS
1944 - 2014
R.I.P.

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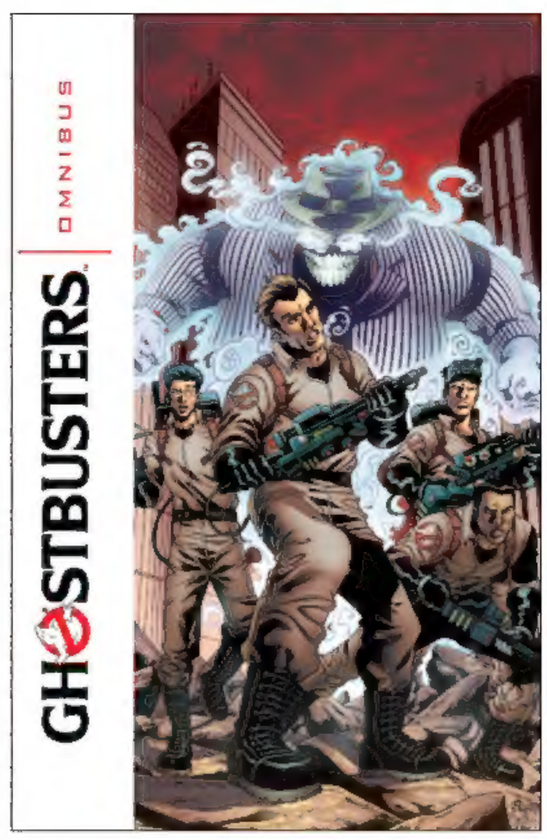

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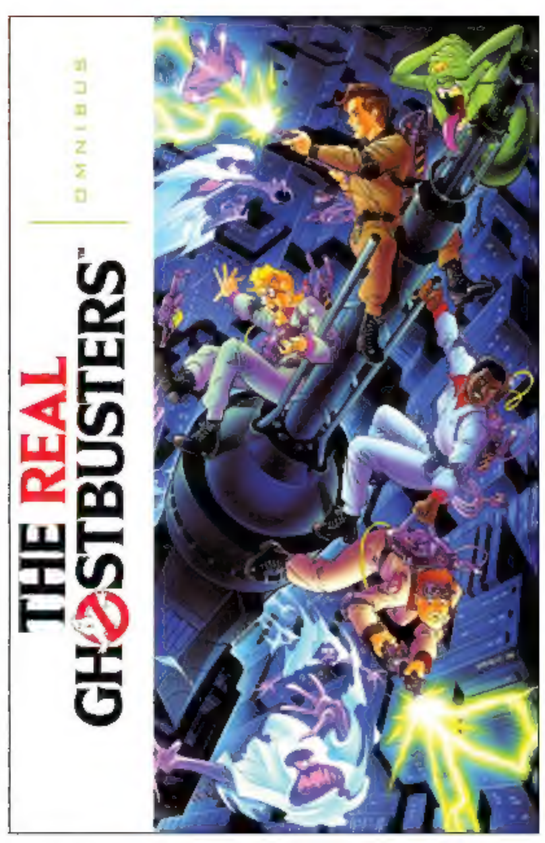

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